

AN ATHLETE TALKS.

SENSIBLE ADVICE FROM THE LIPS OF A PERFECTLY MADE MAN.

How a Perfectly Made Man Is Constituted—Why It Is That Girls Are Often More Healthy in Appearance Than Their Brothers—How to Be Healthy.

She had been to church. As she walked home she looked up and saw Muldoon.

From the very beginning women have liked big men—men who are physically big—and when they by some accident do care for little men it's ten to one the brains are big. To every woman, and woman is at heart an uncivilized creature, there is a certain pleasure in the knowledge that a man can, if he wants to, kill you with a blow. The woman who has not had this sensation is the one who has cultivated the original woman out of herself and is busy searching for fresh emotions. Consequently Hercules is to a woman more beautiful than Adonis, and if she admires a man who is mentally strong, a thousand times more does she care for the man who can if he will govern by physical strength and become what Swinburne calls "King of Pain." You can't deny this, nor explain it, but it's true.

The churchoing young woman who met Mr. Muldoon was inquisitive, and she made up her mind that she was going to get some points on bigness and beauty from him; so with the audacity of the fox terrier, the dog of the day, she asked:

"Mr. Muldoon, what constitutes a perfectly made man?"

"One whose neck, biceps and calves all measure the same."

It was a bit impertinent, but that is the prerogative of a woman and so she asked, "Do yours?"

And he quietly answered, "Yes."

Then she inquired, "What is the reason that as one walks in New York one notices that the women are larger, look more healthy, walk better, and from a physical standpoint are better specimens than the men?"

"Well," said he, "the trouble begins with the care of the boy when he is a little chap; everything here is sacrificed to the cultivation of the intellect, and the small boy's physical condition isn't paid much attention to. You see the sons of rich men who are weak, miserable specimens, killing themselves with cigarettes, smaller and less strong than their sisters and having no strength physically. A good many of them are cowards. Train boy morally and physically first, and his brain will respond when you call on it. Train the brain at the expense of the body and you have just such specimens of manhood as you laugh at."

"Mr. Muldoon, when you get a man down and are looking him straight in the eyes and know that you have him almost in your power, what are you thinking off?"

"I am thinking only of one thing, and that is where I can best get a hold of him and how I can best keep him where I want him to be."

Then he was asked, "How long have you been an athlete?"

"Since I was fifteen years old, and I am now forty-one. I weigh 215 pounds in my clothes, 205 in fighting trim, or, as the say in the south, in the buff. After I was thirty-five years old I allowed myself to gain ten pounds, because after that age I think a man needs a little more flesh. I have never used tobacco and I don't drink."

"What do I think of women? To be quite honest, I am a little afraid of them; they are not so trustworthy as horses or dogs? What kind of a woman do I like? I like a womanly woman, a woman who is gentle and affectionate and who isn't loud. I like a woman whose face is clean, not daubed all over with rouge and powder. I like woman who has a little bit of consideration for a man, and who, while he is willing to give her devotion and love, is ready to return it with affection and kindly thoughts."

"But do you want me to tell you what is killing half the population of this country?"

The inquisitive one said she did—she was a seeker for knowledge.

"It is the vile air that is in the cars, boats, half the houses and hotels, and in all the places of amusement. You get in a parlor car, and there is one person in that car an invalid, or a woman, who insists on having all the ventilation closed, and you have got to sit, possibly sleep, in that foul air, breathing in the disease that everybody else has. If they would spend less money on making a car handsome and more on making it healthful, there would not be half as much wickedness as there is, for when men and women are thoroughly well there is not much chance of their going wrong."

"But about women?"

"I think there are 100 good women to one good man, and where a woman makes a mistake it usually is the fault of a man. It is perfect nonsense, however, shooting such creatures, as we have heard of lately. They ought to be caught by the nape of their necks and tossed out of a window and left to get along as best they can."

"Who is your favorite actor?"

"Mr. Booth."

"What are your favorite flowers?"

"Violets."

"What is your favorite color?"

"Pale blue."

And then, with a characteristic jump from flowers and colors, the inquisitive one asked, "At prize fight do they spill much blood?"

"No," said Muldoon; "the amount of blood spilled is usually very much exaggerated. When Sullivan fought Kilrain, on July 8, 1889, the fight lasted two hours and eighteen minutes, and there wasn't enough blood shed to entirely stain a pocket handkerchief.—A Woman in New York Sun."

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TO MEET AT HELENA.

Montana's Chief City to Welcome Three Big Conventions.

Three national conventions are to meet at Helena, this summer, the first being that of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, which will hold a session of nine days, beginning June 14.

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A Range of Magnetic Ore.

A Kansas City paper says that there is a boulder in the Ozarks which will attract a jackknife dropped nine feet away, and that along the line of the fifth principal meridian in the counties of Carter, Reynolds, Iron and Washington the lines of east and west surveys are deflected from the true course several degrees, the needle being affected by deposits of loadstone.

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